A POEM, *in Praiſe of Beauty and Muſick, Set, by Mr.* Will. Crofts, *after the manner of a St.* Cæcilia's SONG.

WHEN Mighty *Jove* the Univerſe had fram'd,
And ſprightly Man the Lord of all Proclaim'd,
With Joy and Innocence his Days were Crown'd,
For Muſick was the Firſt, Great, Bliſs he found;
Then, Ev'ry Orb with Harmony did Rowl,
And all Appear'd as Tuneful as his Soul:
Muſick began, Beauty, his Joys, Improv'd;
For Woman ſoon Appear'd, and then he Lov'd.

Chorus.

Then all, in a *Chorus*, your Inſtruments Raiſe,
While Beauty and Muſick, with Muſick, we Praiſe.

II.

Muſick! the Pleaſure of the Bleſt,
Beauty! the Wand'ring Lover's Reſt;
Muſick! the Spring of Soft Deſire,
And Beauty! Fewel to Love's Fire:
By *THIS* the frozen heart is warm'd,
By *THAT* the Paſſions are Allarm'd;
For Who's ſo Cold whom Beauty cannot Fire?
Or who So Dull that Muſick can't Inſpire?

III.

Without theſe Two, we Juſtly might Complain
That Life were Burthenſome, and Vain,
A Tedious Journey, full of Pain:

IV.

But when Beauty and Muſick together are Joyn'd,
Then, ſo great is the Pleaſure it can't be Defin'd;
And the Bliſs we Enjoy, with Time, fly's ſo faſt
That Ages Run on e're we think Minutes paſt.

Chorus.

Then All, in a *Chorus*, your Inſtruments Raiſe,
While Beauty and Muſick, with Muſick, we Praiſe.

Alas! The Famous *Settle*, *Durfy*, *Tate*,
That early propt the deep Intrigues of State,
Dull Whiggiſh Lines the World could ne're applaud,
While your ſwift Genius did appear abroad.
And thou great *Bays*, whoſe yet unconquer'd Pen
Wrote with ſtrange force, as well of Beaſts as Men;
Whoſe Noble Genius grieved from afar,
Becauſe new Worlds for *Bays* did not appear:
None to contend with, the Ambitious Elf
Begins a Civil War againſt himſelf:
Alas! How cruel is a Poets Fate,
Or who indeed would be a Laureat,
That muſt, or fall, or turn with every turn of State.
Poor Bard! If thy hot Zeal for Loyal *Wem*,
Forbids thy tacking ſing his *Requiem*,
Sing ſomething, Prethee, to enure thy Thumb,
Nothing but Conſcience ſtrikes a Poet Dumb:
Conſcience! That dull Chimera of the Schools,
A Learned Impoſition upon Fools:
Thee, *Dryden*, art not ſilenc'd with ſuch ſtuff,
'y'Gad thy Conſcience has been large enough.
But here are Loyal Subjects ſtill and Foes,
Many to Mourn for, many to Oppoſe:
Shall thy great Maſter, thy Almighty *Jove*,
Whom thou to place above the Gods haſt ſtrove;
Shall he from *Davids* Throne ſo early fall,
And Laureat *Dryden* not a tear let fall,
Nor Sings the Bard his *Exit* in one poor Paſtoral.
Thee fear confines, thee, *Dryden*, fear confines,
And Grief, not Shame, ſtops thy recanting Lines;
Our *Damon* is as Generous as Great,
And well would pardon tears that Love create.
Shouldſt thou in Juſtice to thy vexed Soul
Not Sing to him, but thy loſt Lord condole;
But Silence is a Damning Errour, *Tuke*,
I'd or my Maſter, or my ſelf bemoan.

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